WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 7.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804. [WHOLE No. 111.

AMANDA:

A TALE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

AT the declivity of one of the most romantic hills in Wales stood a small, neat-looking cottage, which by the simplicity of its architecture, the beauty of its situation, and the picturesque scenes by which it was surrounded, attracted the observation of every travelling passenger.

On a lovely evening, in the month of July, as the venerable inhabitants of this humble dwelling were seated at the margin of a little stream which silently meandered round the hill, their domestic harmony was unexpectedly interrupted by a sudden shriek of terror and apprehension, and they perceived a carriage coming furiously down the hill, with a degree of velocity that threatened its destruction, as the affrighted animals which drew it had totally avoided all constraint, by dislodging their driver from his accustomed seat.

Compassion and humanity had taken such entire possession of Fitzowen's breast, that neither caution nor circumspection could gain admittance there; and, by an impulse arising from the benevolence of his heart, he immediately sprang forward, and seizing the impetuous animals by the reins, preserved the lives of those within the carriage, at the absolute hazard of his own. A beautiful young woman, apparently about nineteen, in vain attempted to express her feelings—Terror had deprived her of the power of speech, and tears alone described a grateful heart; these, as she pressed an infant to her bosom, flowed copiously down her pallid cheeks.

Fitzowen's wife, who had witnessed this instance of her husband's humanity with the most agonizing apprehensions for his safety, now came forward to offer her assistance, and taking the little stranger from its mother's arms, delivered it into those of her only domestic (who, alarmed by the shrieks that had issued from the carriage, ran out of the cottage to see from whence they had proceeded), whilst, assisted by the worthy Fitzowen, she tenderly lifted the lady into the house. The perfect security in which she beheld her child, united to the kindness of her benevolent hosts, soon composed the agitation of her spirits; and whilst Fitzowen went in search of the driver, his wife was busily employed in preparing some refreshments.

The humane Fitzowen soon returned with the melancholy intelligence of the postillion's danger, who, being thrown with violence upon a heap of stones, lay in a state of total insensibility.—The attention of these worthy people was instantly devoted to the unfortunate sufferer; and whilst the servant ran to the nearest town for a doctor, her master claimed the assistance of a neighboring cottager to enable him to remove the poor man to his dwelling.

Though the lady displayed the utmost humanity when she beheld the miserable state to which the postillion was reduced, yet the distress she seemed to feel from the necessity of *delay*, was superior to that which she endured from his situation; and when she found no conveyance could be procured until the following morning, she resigned herself wholly to *grief* and *disappointment*.

The singularity of a young woman travelling without attendants, whose appearance bespoke her of superior birth, could not fail of calling forth the astonishment even of Fitzowen; and whilst he compassionated the distress she was unable to conceal, he could not help fearing that she was the victim of duplicity. Ingenuous in his manners, and honest in his designs, he was resolved to caution her against the artifices of mankind; for though he then lived in the bosom of retirement, he was no stranger to the deceptions which disgrace society: but to begin a conversation that might be considered as ob-

trusive and impertinent, he felt, required no small portion of delicacy, and he had almost determined to abandon his design, when the stranger expressed her apprehensions that her unprotected situation might expose her to censure, if not suspicion.

"Alas! Madam," said the venerable old man, "censure and suspicion are not the least evils you may have to encounter from your unprotected situation; for you are exposed to the attacks of the unprincipled, and the machinations of the depraved; and whilst you may fancy yourself secure in the innocence that guards you, it may prove insufficient to protect you from ruin!"

"Your words, my amiable counsellor," replied the agitated fair one, "absolutely strike like daggers to my heart! ——Ah! why," continued she, clasping her hands and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, "why did I leave that hospitable roof that would have shielded me from danger, and saved me from despair! Oh, Alphonso!—faithless, unkind Alphonso!——was it for this I plighted thee my love, and vowed before the altar to preserve it?"

The closing words of the melancholy ejaculation convinced Fitzowen that her sorrows arose rather from misfortune, than from guilt; and, anxious to lessen an affliction he was grieved at beholding, he conjured his guest to indulge him with an epitome of her sorrows, if there was a possibility of his being able to redress them.

There is something so extremely consoling in the voice of sympathy, that it even softens the sorrows it is unable to abate; and, though there was little probability of Fitzowen's having the power to mitigate those which preyed upon Amanda's mind, yet she could not deny herself the melancholy pleasure of imparting them to one so naturally prone to pity.

"I had the misfortune," said the unhappy wanderer, "to lose my mother before I was sensible either of her tenderness or care; and though she did not die until two years after my birth, yet, as the physicians attributed the melancholy event to that circumstance, my father (who certainly doated upon her) considered me as the cause of his future misery, and, instead of bestowing upon me the smallest share of paternal affection, would frequently reproach me as the destroyer of his repose!

"About three years after the death of my amiable parent, Mrs. Darnley, her only sister, who had been many years married in the East-Indies, unexpectedly returned to her native country; and, anxious to behold the semblance of her loved Amanda, immediately repaired to my father's country seat. The striking likeness between my mother and myself, united to the accounts the servants gave of the inhumanity of my father's treatment, induced that amiable and respected woman to solicit his permission to take me under her care; and as my presence had always been unpleasing to him, he readily consented to the proposal, and I joyfully quitted my paternal residence.

"The sudden transition from unkindness to affection had the happiest effect upon a naturally timid mind; and instead of a dejection uncommon at my age, I soon was remarked for liveliness and volatility. My aunt, who was one of the most accomplished, as well as the most elegant of women, wholly undertook the care of my education; and the pleasure I experienced from receiving her instructions seemed fully to repay her for the fatigue of imparting them.

"Her health, which had been impaired by an Eastern climate, by the time I was sixteen, was considered by the physicians in a declining state; the idea of my being obliged to return to the protection of so unnatural a father was no less painful to her than it was to myself; and though she thought me rather too young to be introduced into life, yet the wish of seeing me established before her death determined her to resolve upon that measure.

"Though Mrs. Darnley had generally resided in the country, yet she had made frequent excursions to town; and as I had occasionally partaken of its amusements, the prospect of our being stationary there filled my bosom with sensations of delight. The winter was spent in a succession of pleasures; and though the novelty of my person attracted general attention, yet there were no candidates for my hand likely either to secure my affection, or obtain the approbation of my aunt: but the following spring we removed to Bath, where, alas! I had the misfortune to become acquainted with the most insinuating, and most engaging of his sex.

"My amiable relation, anxious for the promotion of my happiness, no sooner beheld the mutual symptoms of regard, than she set emissaries to work to find out his private character, and had the mortification of discovering some secret traits in it much to his disgrace, if not to his dishonor. With the most perfect reliance upon my prudence, she immediately made me acquainted with them, and, to prevent the possibility of any future intercourse, entreated me to consent to a removal from Bath.

"My tenderness and affection instantly took alarm, and though I appeared to concur with my aunt's wishes, my heart whispered me—*we must not separate!* We were that evening engaged to go to the Rooms with a Mrs. Manners, a particular friend of my aunt's; and as she thought it would appear singular to break through it, our intended departure was not to take place until the following day.

"My attentive lover (whom I shall call merely by the christian name of Alphonso) was ready to hand us from our chairs; and though my aunt had wished me to excuse myself from dancing, he was so extremely importunate, that it was absolutely impossible to avoid it; and he availed himself of that opportunity to plead his passion with so much ardor, that I was weak enough to credit his assertions, and indiscreetly consented to a private marriage, in case he found it impossible to obtain the consent of my more than mother.

"Mrs. Manners (to whom he was distantly related) undertook to plead in favor of his passion, but the prejudice of her friend was so completely strong, that she found it impossible ever to surmount it; and, fearful of giving uneasiness to one I loved so tenderly, I pretended to relinquish the prospect of our union, though at the same time I had promised to become his wife.

(To be continued.)

ON DUELLING.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.]

IN whatever light we look upon duelling, my lord, I am persuaded you will concur with me in thinking that it is founded no less in folly than in barbarism. Where we are even the victors, what is our triumph? A triumph over humanity, a triumph over justice, a triumph over our families, our country, and our God. If our reason, therefore is not alarmed at the various dangers attending this horrible custom, our pride should be roused to the charge of weakness, to which it exposes our characters. Few who go into the field have any wish to destroy the life of an adversary; yet all must unavoidably expose their own. Our universal study is to set a just value upon this blessing; yet our universal practice is to treat it as an object of the slightest consideration. A sour look, a haughty accent, or an abrupt reply, are with us motives enough to lose or take away a life at any time; in fact, the life of an English gentleman is the only thing in which he seems to have the least property: make an attempt upon his estate, and he seeks a judicial remedy; set fire to his house, and he seeks a judicial remedy also: but if you tread upon his toe, or doubt his veracity, no law can give him redress; his life must be instantly hazarded to procure satisfaction, and the moment another becomes rude he is obliged to be desperate: thus situated he meets his adversary (as every feeling man must feel an adversary) with an infinitely greater share of apprehension for consequences, than of a passion for revenge: though he wants fortitude to do what he *wishes*, yet he musters up courage to do what he *abhors*, and is brave enough to kill perhaps his dearest friend, because his cowardice is too excessive to oppose the ridiculous tyranny of a despicable custom.

Seriously, my lord, is the good opinion of the world worth enjoying upon conditions like these? In my opinion, it is not; and if honor is something that must be gratified at the expense either of justice or humanity, I am convinced that it is not very honorable.

We all acknowledge the propriety of this reasoning, yet we all continue the abject slaves of a custom we detest.—What a glory would it, therefore, be to your lordship, whose character for personal bravery is as thoroughly established, if you associated with a few sensible young men of quality, to rescue us from a tyranny so barbarous! You owe your country much for risquing so valuable a life as your own, and this would be an exalted method of paying the obligation.

I know, my lord, that many elegant writers are apprehensive, that if duelling was once abolished, a custom additionally dangerous would be immediately adopted in its room. The judicious author, particularly, who has obliged the world with the principles of penal law, asks, in his chapter upon duelling, "Whether is it not to be feared, that the propensity to revenge would substitute the more fatal, and the more odius, practice of assassination?" For my part, I think not; and for the very reason he himself assigns to show the inefficacy of declaiming against duelling.

"Of little avail, (says he) is it to the object, that true honor depends not on the prejudices of the people, but hath its source in the heart; that it is more courageous to resist the absurd tyranny of custom, than to submit to it, that the defence of honor is not placed in occasional appeals to the sword and pistol, but in a life of integrity and virtue; that when a fencing school is made the court of justice, there is no law, no argument but murder.—All these assertions (concludes our reader) may be true; but the most solid reasoning is received as mere declamation, when opposed to the impetuosity of passion, or the fear of shame."

When shame (says he, in another place) is the consequence of obedience to law, the sword of justice loses its terrors.—Hence, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves, and the judge condemns the duellist while he scarcely knows how in his heart to disapprove of his behaveior." Surely, my lord, if sham is so very irressistible as to force us into duelling, it would be equally powerful to keep us from assassination: if shame is necessary to make us seek for honorable reparation, it would certainly be sufficient to save us from the infamy of dastardly revenge.

It would unquestionably be as efficacious on the side of law, prudence, and humanity; as upon the side of injustice, absurdity, and blood; nothing therefore, my Lord, is wanted but a generous association among a few young men of rank, to root out the custom of duelling. If such an association was once established, and if the members only made it publicly known that they would never admit any man into their company, who either refused to apologize for an offence he had given, or required the life of a fellow-creature, as an atonement for an affront, the most salutary consequences would result to society.—Associations are formed to improve the opera, to encourage race-horses, and to preserve the game. —For the love of Heaven, my Lord, let there be one association to preserve the human species; to save the hoary father from falling a victim to the phrensy of a slaughtered son, to prevent the doating mother's agonizing shrieks, to snatch the tender wife from unutterable despair, and to continue a parent to a helpless brood of innocents.

ON GOOD BEHAVIOR.

A Well bred man hath in his behavior an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality, that degree which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condescending, without falling into the meanness of adoration: He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of beneficence.—He is not scrupulous of owing his regard for merit, and of giving due praise for fear of being thought a flatterer; nor of expressing a just dislike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidness. In short all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, sincere, uniform and graceful.

If these observations be true, good breeding is a social virtue: It is benevolence brought into action with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and symmetry.—Complaisance is indeed its resemblance, as a shadow is of a substance; but complaisance is only the varnish, good breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light

The only difference therefore between the virtuous and the well bred man is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace.

ADDRESS

TO SINGLE LADIES.

"A Multitude of admirers is an object too generally coveted by young females: Yet it is certainly a very improper method to be taken by such who wish to be happy in matrimony. Sensible and well meaning, worthy and sincere men are seldom attracted within the circle of those who adopt this conduct; and even if they should chance to fall within such a circle, it is very seldom that they long retain the slight chains of such a love. It is remarkably improper, as well as absurd, for a lady, who has already a sensible lover, to languish for a number of flatterers to admire her: Should she miss of her aim, she *fancies* herself unhappy; should she succeed, she is likely to be so in reality.

A gentleman who values his own honor, or understands the dignity proper for the female whom he addresses, and is desirous to possess, will, by no means, admit of this plurality of lovers, no sooner than the laws would admit of a plurality of husbands. A neatness, without excess, in point of dress; a *prudent restraint* of the *tongue*; a moderation in taking diversions; and an unaffected ease and politeness, joined to the usual accomplishments, must complete the character of an accomplished lady, in a single state, and will in the end outweigh the transitory, though delightful charms of a beautiful person."

CHARACTER OF A WELL BRED MAN.

(By a Lady.)

SOME have supposed the fine gentleman and the well bred man to be synonymous characters; but I will make it appear that nothing can be more widely different; the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon her.—He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure; but approves or rejects, as his reason shall direct. He is above stooping to flatter a knave, though possessed of a title; nor ever overlooks merit, tho' he should find it in a cottage.

His behavior is affable and respectful, yet not cringing nor formal; and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favor. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a silly woman; nor will he injure another's reputation, to please her vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffers his passion to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than for his friend.

INSTANCES OF GREAT MODESTY AND RESPECT.

AN Athenian citizen, almost worn out, and bending together with age, and the infirmities that attended it, came late into the theatre to be a spectator of the plays, and none of the citizens offering him a place, the Lacedemonian ambassadors called him to them, and out of respect to his decrepid old age, and in reverence to his grey head, gave him one of the best places among them; which the people observing, with loud and signal plaudits, showed their approbation of the singular modesty of the ambassadors; to which one of them replied—"I see the Athenians know what ought to be done, though they neglect the doing it."

Archytas was so modest in his speech, as well as in all the actions of his life, that he would carefully avoid all words that bordered upon indecency and obscenity, and if at any time he found himself under a necessity of using words, that he thought might be an offence to chaste ears, or defile his own mouth, would be silent, or else write the words upon the wall that should have been spoken; but by no persuasions could be brought to pronounce them.

Martia, daughter of Varro, had so accomplished herself in all famous arts, that she was accounted one of the greatest wits of her sex, and the age she lived in; but above all she had a peculiar talent in painting, but could never be prevailed with, to draw the picture of a naked man, lest she should sin against the laws of modesty.

Michael, the emperor of Constantinople, after a series of continued victories, meeting with a total defeat in a fight against the Bulgarians, was so confounded with his own disgrace, that in pure modesty he resigned his imperial crown, and betook himself to a private life.

A gentleman being asked how it came to pass, that he being a man of extraordinary natural parts, and those improved by an university education, foreign travel, diligent study, and the knowledge of most European languages; besides, being well born, and having many friends to recommend him, how he could miss a considerable employment in the government, at a time when there were so many vacancies? The gentleman answered—"The reason is plain, I have too much modesty, and too little impudence, to be preferred, where a higher value is put upon the latter than the former. The friends you mention are the people that do me the greatest injury; for they representing me a scholar, put me in danger of being thought wiser than my master, or else the whole office conspire to keep me out, for fear it should discover their own imperfections, and therefore say I am a bashful man, and consequently unfit for business, that requires a greater stock of confidence than learning, and impudence than ingenuity."

There are others, who with Peter Blesensis, Christopher Urswick, and many others, that out of modesty refused honors, offices, and preferments, which almost fell into their mouths, because they could not put themselves forward by such arts as were absolutely necessary to introduce them, and therefore contented themselves in their then condition, and were never likely to rise but by miracle.

A virtuous lady, and of a considerable estate, discovering to a friend, that she could willingly make such a gentleman her husband, naming the person; he acquainted him with it, who answered—"I am obliged to the lady for her good opinion of me, and must

say, she is the only person in the world that I durst venture to marry, because I have a passion for her; but I am so bashful, that I cannot ask her consent; but if she would consent to marry me in the dark, I would endeavor to requite her favor, by being a very kind and loving husband." Which being told the lady, she first put him upon writing to her, then employed him as her steward, to give him access to her person, and soon after made him her husband.

COMPLIMENT ILL-JUDGED.

ONE day, Nicolus, thinking to compliment a young lady, told her, *that she had beautiful little eyes.* When she was gone, several of her friends, who had heard him, said, that, to have small eyes, was not esteemed a beauty; and that he had paid a very ill compliment to the young lady. Some time after, he saw her again, and wishing to make amends for his former mistake, told her, that *she had a beautiful large mouth.* The friends, who were present at the second compliment, and who happened to be the same that had heard the first, were silent in the presence of the young lady; but, at her departure, told Nicolus, that he would do well to keep to the truth, and renounce all compliments.

DUELLING.

A GREATER degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following story, which Dr. Sandilanda told to Mr. Richardson, junr.

"Colonel Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him.

It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The colonel was the fittest man in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations.

"Sir," replied Colonel Guise, "I have done my duty by you, and no more." —"But, Colonel," added the young officer, faultering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody"—"Oh! Sir," replied the Colonel, "your friends do me much honor; but there is a gentleman," (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) "who has killed half the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him.

"Who, I, Sir? replied the gentleman: why I am Peale the apothecary."

ANECDOTE

OF DR. JOHNSON.

NEITHER female love, friendship nor hospitality, could escape a puncture from Dr. J. if they drew against his bristles. His rude, not to say cruel and brutal conversation with the Quaker lady, whose name I think was Knox, is in proof of the first, when high church was concerned.——This conversation I have seen in MS. I know not if it be in print. I could separate examples under each head of friendship and hospitality, as well as of female claims. But I recollect one that will exemplify the whole at once. I had it from Miss H. More and her sisters, and it may possibly be new to many of your readers.

It shows how irritable Dr. J. was, and how he would retort on even the common interchanges of civilized life. At tea one evening at Mrs. Piozzi's, he called for some more sugar, and on the bason's being handed to him, helped himself with his fingers, and might probably have removed a few lumps before he selected a proper one. However that was, Mrs. P. ordered in, when the servant returned to the table, another bason of sugar, which was circulated with the next course of tea cups. When Dr. J. emptied his, he threw both cup and saucer into the hearth. Mrs. P. cried out, "What's that for Doctor?" "Madam," replied he, "I observed that my fingers had contaminated your sugar, and I knew not but they might likewise have contaminated your cup and saucer." —Notwithstanding these caprices, I do not less respect the Doctor as a good and great character.

HUMOR.

A LIVELY belle of fashion being asked lately by a conceited coxcomb of a lover, if he might fix the wedding day? replied, "with all my heart provided it is doom's day."

MR. Colt, superintendant of the canal at Fort Stanwix, being provoked at an Irishman, gave him a sturdy kick. "By St. Patrick," retorted the Hibernian, "if you kick so while you are a Colt, what will you do, when you come to be a Horse."

INDIRECT ANSWER.

THE Count Alet, passing by Lyons, was conducted to the King's lieutenant, who asked him, "My friend what are they saying at Paris?" The count answered him, "*Mass.*" "But "what noise is there?" "*That of car-* "*riages.*" "I do not mean that; what is new there?" "*Green peas.*" My friend, replied the lieutenant, tired of these evasive answers, "What is your name?" The count answered him; "*Fools* call me *my dear friend*, "and "at *court* I am called *Count Alet.*"

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 17, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 46 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 12—convulsions 4—croup 1—debility 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—remittent fever 2—nervous fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 2—inflammation of the bowels 1—old age 1—peripneumony 1—quinsy 1—stillborn 3—sudden death 1—whooping cough 1—and (what we cannot but consider a wicked and wanton sacrifice of life) *ELEVEN*, of the *SMALL-POX*, notwithstanding there is an institution in the city where the children of the poor may be vaccinated without expense.

Of the above 9 were men—8 women—15 boys, and 14 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of one year—11 between 1 and 2—7 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—7 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—3 between 30 and 40 3 between 40 and 50 and 1 between 80 and 90.

Accident. Died, on Wednesday, Miss *Elizabeth Seaman*, the daughter of Mr. Edmund Seaman, of this city, merchant. The untimely loss of this young lady is truly afflicting, and the circumstances which led to it invite our sympathy. It appeared to the Coroner's Inquest, from one of whom we have received our information, that a cistern which was raised about a foot from the level of the yard, was out of order and nearly full of water, the servants were accustomed to dip it out and the deceased having occasion for some water, on attempting to reach it she lost her balance and fell in. She was not discovered until upwards of half an hour afterwards, when every attempt by medical assistance and otherwise to recover her, proved ineffectual. Thus in early life and in the full enjoyment of health, are her parents deprived of a beloved child!

We are informed the Coroner's Inquest last evening, after visiting the spot, and examining the witnesses in relation to the above circumstances, found an inquest of *accidental death*.—[*Ev. Post.*

A proposal is made by a society of literary gentlemen in New-Orleans, for publishing, in monthly numbers, a Louisiana Journal, to contain a general and particular history of the country, correcting the errors or fictions of ignorant or pretended travellers in that country; together with such other miscellaneous matter, as tends to instruct and amuse the reader.

Mr. Crauford, an English officer, who was wounded seven years ago in Germany, by a shot he received in the head, which carried away a part of his skull, in the place of which there was formed a membrane too soft to secure the brain against the slightest exterior impressions, after the use of the waters of Bareges for eighteen months, has been perfectly cured. By degrees, the use of *douches* and baths has ossified the new membrane. This gentleman has just signalised his cure with an act of beneficence, by purchasing an annual income of 1000 f. for the relief of those indigent persons, whose sufferings may call them to the place where he found the end of his.—*Paris Argus.*

Letters arrived in Paris from Mr. Robertson, at Petersburgh, give the following account of his aerostatic ascension: the object of this voyage being to make divers experiments in the atmosphere, the gondola was filled with physical instruments. Although the wind blew towards the sea, the travellers ascended at a quarter past seven in the evening: the balloon hovered for a long time over the sea, and it was apprehended that this position would be hurtful to the experiment.

It was seen very distinctly at half past nine, at a very great elevation; but a fog arising, it was soon after lost sight of; nor was it till the 13th that any thing further was known of it. On that day a courier dispatched to the Academy of Sciences, brought the intelligence that the Aeronauts had arrived, about eleven in the evening, at Sivoritz, twenty-six leagues from the capital. They there effected their descent in the midst of one of the finest gardens of Russia, belonging to general Demidoff.—The balloon rested as it were upon a basket of flowers, opposite the steps of the *chateau*, the inhabitants of which were eager to receive the travellers: it is even said that general Demidoff proposes to erect an obelisk upon the spot where the balloon alighted.—*ib.*

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Friday, 9th November,

LEWIS OF MONTE BLANCO, *(Dunlap,)* and ADOPTED CHILD.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the day and evening, a respectable audience collected, and appeared well pleased with the entertainment.

Monday, 12th November,

THE NATURAL SON, *(Cumberland,)* and PRIZE.

We expected, from the satisfaction with which this Comedy was received on its first representation, that it would this evening have been attended by a brilliant audience; but this was not the case.—The Play did not in the least suffer from a change of cast rendered necessary by the indisposition of Mr. *Hallam.*

Wednesday, 14th November,

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS, *(Dunlap,)* and SPOIL'D CHILD.

Another storm opposed the success of the Theatre this evening, but did not prevent the attendance of an audience nearly as numerous as the last.—Mr. *Claude* gave further proofs of improvement in his profession, and evidently gains upon the audience.

Mrs. *Darley's Little Pickle* was the best we have ever seen.

Married.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. Joshua Waddington, to Miss Gertrude G. Ogden, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, at Flatbush, Mr. John Wilson, of Brooklyn, to Miss Alice Tracy, of New-York.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Ebenezer Stevenson, to Miss Eliza Ludlow, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Moses Hedden, Merchant, of Newark, to Miss Harriet Henderson, daughter of the late Captain Henderson of this city.

In Shagticoke, (N. Y.) Mr. William Kent, Æt. 75 to the widow Elizabeth Generson, Æt. 60:

"Coo on, sweet doves."

Died.

On Friday morning last, Mr. James N. Van Antwerp, of the firm of Voorhis & Van Antwerp, after an illness of a few days.

On Saturday last, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Campbell, printer.

On Monday last, Mr. Thomas Smith, merchant taylor of this city.

On Saturday last, Captain Joseph Abraham.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Nicholas Depeyster, jun.

At Hopkinton, (R. I.) on the 3d inst. Mrs. Martha Maxson, aged 100 years and 14 days,

THEATRE.

Mr. COOPER intending to remain in New-York four weeks, the Manager has made an arraangement with him for TWELVE NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE, IN SUCCESSION—the first of which will be

On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 17th,

WHEN WILL BE PRESENTED,

SHAKESPEARE'S celebrated Tragedy of

MACBETH.

MACBETH, Mr. COOPER.

(Being his first appearance here after an absence of nearly two years.)

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The favorite Farce of,

The Adopted Child.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,

No. 90, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY——Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.——

☞ *A Correct Numerical Book kept.——TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.*

FANCY BASKETS AND WOODEN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Children's Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets. Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brass, Iron and Wooden bound. Coolers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvitæ Pestle and Mortars. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

WANTED,

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,
No. 40, Barclay-street.

EXCESS.

By M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P.

WHILE so various our faculties, passions, and views,
How comes it, so few can true happiness find?
'Tis because man what'er be the course he pursues,
Still aims to be more than what nature design'd.
'Tis because with contempt moderation we see,
To be wise, happy, great, or good, none ever tries;
But, with ceaseless exertion, all labor to be
Too great, or *too* happy, *too* good, or *too* wise.

To be man and no more, man should limit his care,
And hold the mid station 'twixt angel and brute;
Active virtue composing his every day's wear,
And harmless enjoyment his holiday suit.
But while, moderation despising, we strive,
In pleasure, or virtue, perfection to gain,
From excess to excess through life's ocean we drive,
And the harbor of happiness seldom attain.

Some, holding that man but exists to enjoy,
Bid their days, wing'd with rapture, voluptuously fly;
Others, finding that libertine pleasures soon cloy,
Reject the delight which their senses supply.
Like maniacs, *the first* wildly riot along;
Forlorn, to *the last*, seems their earthly abode:
Both fly to extremes; find, too late, they were wrong,
And have miss'd the true blessings, which chequer life's road.

The hermit, with man and with nature at strife,
Shunning pleasure, and, careless who sink or who swim,
Leads, alone and inactive, a dull selfish life,
Neither useful to others, nor pleasing to him,
Nor e'er by such cold flinty hearts can be prov'd,
That sunshine which cheers *his* benevolent breast,
Who, by loving his neighbor, has made himself lov'd,
And in blessing another, can make himself blest!

The rake, from all conscience and prejudice free'd,
God and man in pursuit of enjoyment defies;
Though prudence may warn him, tho' virtue may plead.
Invited by pleasure, still onward he flies,
But ne'er tastes the *Libertine's* lip that sweet stream,
Unsullied, which flows in life's chrystalline bowl,
When love joins with nature, with passion esteem,
And the senses scarce equal in rapture the soul.

Despis'd be the hermit, detested the rake;
The last is a villain, the first is a fool:
Not theirs be the lives which for models I take;
Not theirs be the maxims my conduct to rule.
I aim not at virtues for man too sublime;
I'll pervert not my pleasures, by vicious excess;
But, while beauty and wine aid the progress of time,
May honor and sense their *encrouchment* repress;

When remorse with my kisses its poison would blend,
May beauty's soft bosom ne'er rest upon mine:
When the grape proves my tyrant, no longer my friend,
O lips, may I ne'er again bathe you in wine!
But when fellow feelings have made my heart melt,
Or my spirits are sunk by the pressure of care,
May Love give me thanks, that for others I've felt,
And wine give me strength my own sorrows to bear.

Let Honor the pleasures I covet approve;
Or never by me shall those pleasures be tried;
Let the kiss I solicit be granted by love;
Or still to my lips may that kiss be denied!
And when, for my sorrows a solace to find,
I bid in my goblet Champaigne sparkle high,
May each globe on its surface recal to my mind
A *tear*, drawn by kindness from gratitude's eye.

[*From the Palladium.*]

THE FORTUNE HUNTER;

A SONG.

A YOUNG Buck married an
Old haggard harridan,
And all for the sake of her money, Sir,
Quite toothless and shrivell'd
Like an old witch bedevill'd,
So he lov'd her no better than honey, Sir.

Now being in cash, Sir,
He cuts a great dash, Sir,
And keeps half a dozen fine Misses:
Lives away at his leisure,
Quite chin deep in pleasure,
And nothing can equal his blisses.

With horses and hounds,
He drives beyond bounds,
Is noted for vast hospitality;
And goes to each rout,
The country about,
And lives with the top of the quality.

There ne'er was a Squire,
Drank more, or liv'd higher:
'Till at thirty, without any doubt he
Became quite as old,
As if four-score he'd told,
Besides being terrible gouty.

Thus through life he dances,
'Till all his finances,
Won't buy e'en a dram for his whistle;
He then makes a horrid
Great hole in his forehead,
With the help of an old borrow'd pistol!

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 8s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of his instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, by communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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